

ZION'S HERALD.

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TO MY HEART.

Cheer up, and rest, poor aching heart!
Distressed with weight of care;
Let Him within thee bear thy load,
For God is everywhere—

In everything that lives and moves,
So why not, then, in thee?
Should not the omnipresent Lord
Thy burden-bearer be?

Thou art the casket of the soul,
For earth's life is given;
Then cheer it till, ransomed, it seeks
The golden sheen of heaven.

Thy heavy sorrow joyful lay
On Him who reigns above;
Yet condescend with these to stay,
Great Universal Love!

Cheer up! cheer up! nor be cast down;
Christ's promises confessed
That He will make thy burden light,
And give the weary rest.

Then share with Him the apportioned load
Which He to thee has given;
Until in death you find your rest—
Your tenant found to heaven.

JOSEPH ARCH.*

BY REV. J. L. LEESEY.

Perhaps no man in Great Britain, not occupying a high official position, is at this time attracting more attention, especially among the laboring classes, than Joseph Arch. The author and acknowledged leader of one of the most important and far-reaching movements of the day, which, if successful, must effect a radical change not only in the social and material condition of the particular class for whose benefit he is avowedly laboring, but also in the relations which they hold to the soil, he and his co-laborers are anxiously watched by both rich and poor, whose interests are equally concerned in the results of his labors. As Mr. Arch is about to visit this country in furtherance of some of the interests of the "National Agricultural Laborers' Union," of which he is president, a brief resume of his personal history, and of the origin and purposes of the Association which he is to represent, may not be out of place. The fact that he is an ardent and conscientious Methodist, and a self-denying and laborious local preacher, in the employ of both Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists, will also serve to give the readers of Zion's Herald a fraternal interest in the man, and a desire to understand the work in which he is engaged.

Joseph Arch is a native of Barford, an obscure village in Warwickshire, not far from the city of Warwick. Born on the 10th of November, 1826, he is now in the prime of a vigorous and sturdy manhood. His father, like most of his class, commenced his humble career of hopeless, ill-requited toil, when but a mere child. He is represented as "an indifferent scholar, but a quiet, honest, industrious man, presenting no very striking features in his character," though he was somewhat more thoughtful and independent than the majority of his neighbors; which sometimes brought him into collision with the ruling classes, very much to his own discomfort. Arch's mother was a woman of positive traits of character. Industrious, prudent, affectionate and God-fearing, her household was ordered and conducted with economy, gentleness, decision and piety. Scorning the formality, the heartlessness, and pride of the Establishment, she became a decided and conscientious dissenter, and united with the more fervent and spiritual followers of Wesley. She taught her son while yet an infant to read and write, and to study and reverence the Holy Scriptures; and thus laid the foundation of the intelligent piety which is one of the most prominent characteristics of the man. She also impressed his mind early with the importance of a manly self-reliance and

*The facts embraced in these articles are collected from a Life of Joseph Arch, written by F. S. Attenborough, of Leamington, England, and issued with the full consent of Mr. Arch—he even furnishes the preface of the work.

nobility of spirit which scorns the patronage and "charity" of the great, and prompts to independence and uprightness of conduct in all dealings with men. To his mother, and to her noble counsels and Christian example, Mr. Arch gratefully and often refers all that is good and worthy in himself.

At six years of age he was sent to the village school, then under excellent management, where he made good progress in the elementary English branches, and even acquired a smattering of mensuration. But, alas for him, poverty at home interfered with his schooling, and ere he reached his ninth year he was compelled to bid a final adieu to the school-room, and contribute his mite toward the support of the family. He was employed as a "crow keeper," or bird sear (to prevent their consuming the crops), and the munificent compensation of four pence (eight cents) per day! Yet, under the judicious management of his faithful mother, and still later, of his excellent wife, the habits of study which had been formed were carefully cultivated, and have been so maintained that, despite the forbidding circumstances of his life of poverty and toil, he is now a well-informed man, able to write and speak on general questions with correctness and effect. It is said that when asked, as he often is, where he acquired the education which enables him to reason with so much clearness, and to speak with so much power, the answer always is, "at night, by the kitchen fire." There "he bored and burrowed away," and to so much purpose, that his knowledge of men and things, and especially of the questions which concern his class, is of no mean degree.

But to return. At ten years old, he began to drive a plough; at thirteen he became a wagoner, exposed to the temptations and subjected to the hardships of his untimely occupations. Of these temptations, that to drunkenness was one of the most constant and dangerous, beer and brandy being pressed upon him on every hand. But the tender, prayerful influence of his mother, with the divine blessing, saved him from this too general vice of English laborers. At sixteen, his mother, the architect of his character, and the founder of his influence, was removed by death. A sister assumed the care of the household, and Joseph remained with his father—at 20, earning only eleven shillings (about \$2.75) per week, as a farm laborer. Being a young man of good character, and more than ordinary intelligence, he had many opportunities offered him to improve his condition; but to all these he turned a deaf ear, in compliance with the importunities of his father, and remained at home. About this time he married the daughter of a Wellesbourne mechanic—an admirable woman, who has been a helpmeet indeed to him in all the changes of his eventful career. In process of time their hearts were gladdened by the advent of a daughter, then of a son. But times became hard, and the father's earnings amounted to but nine shillings, sterling (about \$2.25) per week, and his house!—four persons, one of them a strong man, engaged in active, out-door labor, to be supported on fifteen pence half-penny, or about thirty-one cents per day; or fifty-eight cents each per week!

Mrs. Arch in other days had won high esteem in wealthy families as a servant. Her present circumstances naturally suggested how she could help her husband in his struggles with hard-earned poverty; and this was her brave decision: "Joe, my man, I'm tired of this; I want to keep your children on nine shillings a week; it's misery and starvation. I don't blame you; you be a steady, right good man, and do as well as the rest; but you must turn out and seek more, and if you want to get it, I'll go back to service, and earn what I can for you and the children—there!" Her trembling tones and glowing face were too much for her husband, and he broke down utterly. He had long been forming a purpose, and at once avowed his intention of striking, and seeking occupation elsewhere; and he succeeded in finding employment of various kinds, though of the most arduous character, and so far from home often, that sometimes for months together he endured a constrained absence. The story of Mr. Arch's sufferings during this period, is a touching one, and evidences a noble and resolute spirit. He acquired, however, a much more thorough acquaintance with the capabilities of the soil, the resources and spirit of the occupiers, and of the condition and interests of the laborers, than he could probably have gained by any other means, and was well qualified to represent intelligently the condition and the needs of his class, and to wage effective warfare with the deeply rooted and crushing evils which he is seeking to correct.

About this time, the father of Arch, who had latterly made his home with his son, was taken sick, and compelled reluctantly to abandon his daily toil.

His fifty or sixty years of patient labor, close economy, and blameless living had supplied him with no resources where-with to meet the exigencies of this hour, and he must either go on the parish, or become an additional burden to his already heavily burdened son. "I be afeared, Joe, the parish 'll give thee nothin' for me, be'n as ye'r a Dissenter," said the old man with a sigh. Joe was not anxious that they should; but as his wife had been lately earning a couple of shillings a week at choring, and must now, in duty to the old man, stay at home, he made this proposition to the Guardians: "Gentlemen, I don't want you to support my aged father; but if you will give my wife one shilling and sixpence (38 cents) per week toward nursing him, I shall be much obliged to you. It isn't much; it's less than the loss of my wife's earnings, and nothing toward the expense." "Certainly not, Arch; your father can go to 'the house,' and you must pay one shilling and sixpence towards his support." "Good morning, gentlemen; I'd sooner rot under a hedge than he should go there." The old man lingered for ten months; but during the last few weeks of his life the parish relented, and against Arch's will, but with the consent of his wife, allowed him a weekly stipend of one shilling and sixpence and a loaf of bread.

Returned from his father's funeral, he found himself ten pounds in debt. Strict economy and more liberal earnings than most of his neighbors were insufficient, even with what his wife had been able to earn, to support his family of six children, and meet the added expenses of sickness. Unable to endure the hateful burden of debt, he again went off, labored harder than before, and by great self-denial succeeded in ridding himself of the incubrance. Sickness came once more, as himself, wife, and two children were seized with small-pox. Partly through fear, and partly as instructed by the parson, the villagers avoided the stricken family, and Arch had himself to act as nurse, as best he could. Recovering from this sickness, he once more went out, so as again to get "straight," and keep his family together. Widely known now as a capable and faithful, though independent workman, he was often intrusted with contracts for jobs, necessitating the employment of others—thus ascending another step in the social ladder, but without sacrificing one of those noble traits of character which had won the love and confidence of his equals, and had enforced the respect of his superiors in the social scale.

This was substantially the position which he occupied when the movement was inaugurated which called him forth from obscurity, and placed him prominently before the nation as one of the providentially prepared reformers who have so often arisen to elevate and bless humanity by overturning gigantic wrongs. The foregoing incidents have been narrated to show that Joseph Arch is no mere demagogue, or tricky, unprincipled agitator. The iron of the oppression which crushes his class, has entered his own soul. Sympathizing from painful experience with the cry for deliverance which comes up from them, he has entered upon this noble task assigned him so significantly; and as a Christian man he appeals to a Christian nation to remove from the necks of these depressed and struggling multitudes the heel which keeps them down, to invest them with the privileges, and extend to them the protection which they crave, ere maddened by the wrongs they suffer, they rise and seize through strife and blood the rights which a selfish and impious aristocracy persist in denying them.

In another article, the origin and purposes of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union will be unfolded.

LETTER FROM VIENNA.

BY REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING.

Our party (Cook's Educational Party) reached Vienna on the evening of July 17, via Munich. Thus far, every step of our journey has been delightful beyond description, so that it really seemed that from the time we stepped on board the grand steamship Victoria, at New York, a good Providence had been preparing the way for us; and now, though we heard rumors of cholera in Vienna, we were prepared to go forward without fear, for we found that the rumors, though not entirely without foundation, had greatly exaggerated the facts. It is sufficient to say, that without unusual precautions, excepting not to drink their miserable water, our party were never in better health than in Vienna.

Thus far we have found no city in Europe which is laid out on a scale of such magnificence and grandeur as Vienna. The present Emperor, while doing a good work abroad, is also doing nobly for his people at home. The magnificence, however, is not due to the influence of the Emperor alone; for

there is no other city in Europe which has so many resident nobility as Vienna. Not less than two hundred families of princes, counts and barons live here. The city has a large number of parks, aside from the Royal Park (where the Exposition is held), which embraces 1,000 acres, while many of the streets which run entirely through and around the city are laid out on a scale which would astound American economists.

Many of the churches at Vienna, some of which are very old, have peculiar histories linked with them. The Maximilian, or Votive Church, not yet completed, is one of the most beautiful. Though not large, it is almost an exact copy of the Cathedral at Cologne. Its foundation was laid by the ill-fated Maximilian, of Mexican fame, who was a brother of the present Emperor of Austria. In 1853 there was an attempt made upon the life of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and this church, it is said, was projected by Maximilian as a thank-offering for the escape of the Emperor from the hand of the assassin. It is hard to reconcile such religious consecration with the facts connected with the private lives of many of these men.

In the Church of St. Augustine is the famous monument of the Archduchess Maria Christina, the master-piece of the great Venetian sculptor, Canova. In Loretto chapel, in this church, are the silver urns which contain the hearts of the Imperial family who have died within the last 200 years, such as Maria Theresa, Napoleon II., etc. The bodies of all these imperials are buried in the Church of the Capuchins. Maximilian is also entombed here. The old church of St. Stephens, which is exactly in the centre of the old city, was begun early in the 12th century, and is the largest and most important church of the city, though it contains nothing of special interest excepting the bodies of the Austrian Emperors who died prior to the last 200 years.

But these are things whose special features of interest are with the past. What makes Vienna an object of world-wide interest to-day, is her great International Exposition. Beyond question, this is much the largest and finest the world has ever seen, and without doubt the largest it will see for a long time to come; for it is such a stupendous failure, financially, that no nation will venture to undertake another on so grand a scale for many years. The Exposition is here, on a scale of grandeur which is bewildering, not to say overwhelming; but the people are not here. The admission is amazingly cheap (only 25 cts. on ordinary days), and yet there is no crowd. Strangers are not in the city, only in small numbers.

It is not possible to give those who read about it anything like a just conception of its magnitude, still a few statements, which must be for the most part repetitions of what has been said by others, may start thought in the right direction.

The grounds on which the Exposition is located, and much of which is occupied in one way or another, embrace 1,000 acres, all enclosed. The buildings containing the articles for exposition, cover about 170 acres, and most of them are filled in every part to repetition. The main building is about three-fifths of a mile in length, with deep transepts on either side, as closely as they can stand together. When we first arrived at the Exposition, a friend and myself determined that we would first walk through the aisles of the main building and its transepts as quickly as we could, without stopping to examine anything, merely to get an impression of its magnitude. By walking fast we were able to accomplish this in a day and a half, and the hard-earned day and a half of work I ever did. Now, when you remember that on both sides of these aisles, displayed in the most fantastic manner, the best and the richest productions of nearly every nation upon earth are arrayed, you may begin to get some conception of this Exposition. But it must not be forgotten that this is only one building—that the machinery fills another building of the same length as this—and that the department of fine arts occupies still another building, which is immense in size. Besides these, there are nearly 200 buildings more, many of which are devoted to the exposition of useful and curious things from the different nations of the earth.

The American department, with one or two exceptions, makes the poorest display, and for two reasons: We show very little that is ornamental, and we exhibit very little machinery. In regard to the first, we are a practical, utilitarian people, devoting comparatively little time or money to ornament. So we have not much to show in this line. We might have made a good display of machinery, but the Austrian government would give us no protection in the matter of our patents, and our machinists and manufacturers would not send their machines here when they knew that their patents would be stolen and appropriated. But laying this aside, an American can't help feeling

that, judged by the exhibition here, we must be grossly misjudged. Still, the great disgrace comes from the mismanagement of our department.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Van Buren, there can be no doubt that his appointment was an unfortunate one. From all I can gather from those who have been on the ground from the first, I conclude that Mr. Van Buren was not guilty of complicity, but that, though an able man in many directions, he had not the talent for organizing the machinery here—and setting it at work. The subordinates were, without doubt, in many instances men who cared very little for our national display or reputation, providing they could make money out of the operation. Mr. Van Buren had not the ability to control them, and so was led into many schemes for which he was not personally, though he was officially responsible. Besides this, our Commissioners have been changing so often, that there has been no well defined plan of action, and hence no system.

Taken away from the exhibitions, we have a good display; beside them, it is very meagre. The want of system has put us at disadvantage in every way. It is only a week ago, I was told by one of the department, that boxes were found containing collections of our periodicals and some other things, in one corner of the grounds, having been in the rain so long that everything was spoiled. I suppose that everything is being done now that can be, but it is too late to redeem ourselves this time.

It is really marvelous to see the world brought together in an exposition of this kind. To study it, is to get enlarged ideas of the race, and to feel that the nations upon which we are accustomed to look down, are not so far beneath us as we have been wont to think; and that in many things they can teach us important lessons which we ought not to fail to learn. We are a great people, but we are a small part of the world. We have made much progress in many directions, but we have much more to learn, and the teachers are at hand.

ST. PAUL ON MARS HILL.

BY HENRY RAYLIES.

[Concluded.]

Amid such surroundings, "Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill" and addressed the "men of Athens." Looking down into the Agora upon the altar dedicated "to the unknown God," he proceeded boldly to "declare" "the unknown God" unto them. Pointing to the numerous temples on every hand, wrought with exquisite skill from the purest marble, and decorated with statuary and entablature illustrating the exuberant fancy of their mythology, he announced that the "Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshiped with men's hands." Pointing, possibly, towards Salamis and Marathon, thus reminding them, as he must have been reminded, of the fearful, bloody contests they had waged in repelling invaders, and in extending the power and conquests of Greece, and turning his gaze on the Temple of Mars, the god of War, he affirms that the God whom he declared to them "giveth to all life and breath, and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation." Then, quietly and adroitly, he interjects an exhortation "that they should seek the Lord," to which seeking he encourages them by the assurance that He is "not far from every one of us"—nearer even than their gods whom they made and handled—and enforces that assurance by a quotation from one of their "own poets," sustaining his further statement that "in Him we live and move and have our being"—in him, not in Minerva, or Jupiter, or others, or all of the gods, whose statues were more numerous in Athens than men. Having arrived at the conclusion that the Athenians, with all other men of all other nations, were the offspring of the unknown God whom he had declared to them, St. Paul, pointing his finger toward the lofty bronze statue of Minerva Promachus, made by Phidias of the spoils of Marathon, so awful in its majesty as it looked down from the Acropolis, it is said to have "appalled stern Alaric with terror on his way," and waving his hands above the myriad statues of deities all around, in quiet but forcible argument says, "we ought not to think that the godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device."

Turning a little to his right, and looking down into the Agora upon the altar dedicated "to the unknown God," whom the Athenians "ignorantly worshipped," and who had admitted their ignorance by the very inscription upon the altar, St. Paul preaches repentance in these words: "and the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Looking upon the seats where the judges of the highest court of the na-

tion sat, or where they were accustomed to sit and pass judgment in the causes brought before them, Paul announces that God "hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained."

While St. Paul so fitly adapted his speech to his audience, quoting from their own poet, and drawing his words naturally and as if from necessity, from altar, statue, temple and court, the Athenians listened without interruption; but when he passed out from the line of their religious and materialistic thinking, and proclaimed the new doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus, the assembly broke up in great tumult, some mocking and others saying "we will hear thee again of this matter."

This sketch of Mars Hill and its surroundings is far from exhaustive, yet may aid more youthful readers of scripture in correctly understanding and interpreting this famous address of St. Paul. This brief attempt at tracing the expressions of St. Paul to the suggestions of surrounding temples, deities and altars, I am fully aware is incomplete; but if what I have written will lead others, who have more learning and more leisure for such work, to follow out the hints given, and present to Bible students a complete and exhaustive analysis of this pregnant address, I shall have accomplished by others what I intended, when I "stood in the midst of Mars Hill," to do myself.

PARIS THROUGH A FIELD-GLASS.

We have read many eloquent words about the glories seen by the balloon voyager sailing near the clouds of heaven. To no such wonderful height do we ask the reader to stretch his imagination—only to the less pretentious height of one hundred and sixty-two feet, upon the summit of the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, do we invite our friends for a view of the capital of France. Standing on this beautiful structure, erected to commemorate the triumphs of Napoleon I. at a cost of ten millions of francs, we find ourselves in the centre of an immense star, formed by the dozen avenues radiating from this point. The most important of these is that which, under the name of Avenue de Neuilly, extends westward to the suburb of Neuilly, once the favorite residence of Louis Philippe, and under that of Avenue des Champs Elysees, reaches westward to the Place de la Concorde, the scene of a desperate struggle between the Versailles troops and the Communists of 1871. In this thoroughfare, between four and six in the afternoon, fashion airs itself, flutters its fiances, and sets the world crazy to ape its follies. Level your glass upon the thorough below—one, two, three, four carriages deep. One would think these ladies, reclining so languidly on the carriage cushions, never made an ungraceful movement in their lives. Yet these same beauties scrambled with the best to get a sight of the Shah of Persia, when that heathen prince was received here, and scrambled quite high, too; for some were seen on the house roofs, their heels in the gutters, and necks stretched out for a glimpse of his majesty's face.

On the sidewalk, the exquisite steps daintily along in patent leathers tied with ribbons, swings his inevitable cane, and through his eye-glass looks his disgust at the blue frocked peasant in wooden shoes, who may be the truer man, though the diamond be rough. Weaving among the crowds are here and there women bearing on their backs tin vessels shaped like church steeples, and filled with licentious water for the commodation of the few who drink water in Paris.

Speaking of drinks, a temperate stranger would think the French were particular not to take water unless mixed with wine—wine in the morning, wine at noon, wine at night. In the evening the cafes on the boulevards are thronged with wine bibbers. At the tables on the walks, families from the parents to children whose heads hardly reach the table-top, sit and sip. In the broad park of the Champs Elysees, through which the avenue of the same name continues, the common people realize their highest conceptions of earthly bliss. Among the trees, concert gardens, and open-air theatres, the pleasure of drinking may be supplemented by that of sight-seeing, which offers its fascinating attractions. Lights illuminating the foliage, music swelling out on the night air, and the general excitement of the hour renders vice attractive. Sunday night is the carnival of the week.

Beyond, crossing the park at right angles, is the spacious Place de la Concorde, in the centre of which stands the Obelisk of Luxor. The hieroglyphics seem as fresh as when the Egyptian workmen three thousand years ago cut these curious figures in the hard syenite. But no work of art, however old or beautiful, can ever erase from the minds of men the horrid history of the spot on which it stands. The blood of nearly three thousand souls who perished on

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the fatal guillotine, still warns man what he may become when loosed from the restraints of religion. Just beyond, the massive ruins of the Tuilleries tell the beholder the animus of Communism. If any in America have been led to sympathize with this principle, which means nothing less than the sundering of all social and political ties by which public safety is secured, let such a one come to Paris and see what Communism has done, and what it tried to do in this city. The remnants of the Tuilleries, the flames of whose conflagration would have reached the Louvre, and taken from the world one of the richest collections of art extant, had not the Versailles troops lent timely aid; the walls of the Hotel de Ville, rich in historic associations; the vandalism in other localities; and the attempt to blow up the entire neighborhood about the Colonne de Juillet by filling the vaults of the dead and the boats of the adjoining canal with gunpowder, show a spirit as diabolical as it was reckless.

The above mentioned avenue, which extends nearly two miles from the Arch to the Tuilleries in a straight line, forms the post, and the Place de la Concorde the transverse beam of a cross. In this cross was held last Sunday evening the great fête to the Persian Monarch. Beside the ordinary illumination, festoons of gas jets and clusters of lamps were hung the entire length of the avenue; the Place de la Concorde was a network of burners tastefully arranged; and the Garden of the Tuilleries, forming the head of the cross, was luminous with pyramids of light; the public buildings in the vicinity were decorated with rows of flaming points along the pillars, cornices, pediments and other prominent portions; colored fires at different points gave a striking effect to the whole display; night was turned into day. The exhibition closed with a grand torch-light procession and a firing of guns. And all this on the Lord's Day! What must be the lesson to this nation of the East? By her actions, France says to him, The difference between your people and ours is this: you have a false form of religion, we have none at all; you have what you believe to be inspired writings, we have the Bible, but we do not believe its records. God save America from a Parisian Sabbath.

To the left, between the head and arm of the cross, is the cemetery of the Pere la Chaise, four miles distant. Here disappointed lovers still go to deck the tombs of Abelard and Heloise with flowers. The double towered church between the top and right arm of the cross is Notre Dame. The attendant will show for half a franc the bullet which caused the death of Archbishop Affre, while exhorting the Communist mob to peace. Under the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides on our right, rest the remains of the great Napoleon.

As a whole, Paris may be described by two words: lovely and wicked. In vain do the art products of a Raphael, a Murillo and a Claude appeal to the cultivated; in vain do the beauties of this charming city call to the people in its streets; refined sin is the fruit of its moral code. Nothing can save France but the pure preaching of the Gospel of Christ. God hasten the day when the light of the French people shall no longer be a torch from the tomb of Rousseau, but that star which shone on Bethlehem's plain—a light that, growing brighter as it is followed, leadeth to Life Eternal.

J. M. DURRELL.

PARIS, July 15th, 1873.

EXPECTATION IN GOD.

The less we expect from this world, the better for us; the less we expect from our fellow-men, whether of spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans on a broken reed. We are always going to be something stronger, purer, and holier. Somewhere in the future there always hangs in the air a golden ideal of higher life that we are going to reach; but as we move on, the dream of better things moves on before us also. It is like the child's running over behind the hill to catch the rainbow. When he gets on the hill-top, the rainbow is as far off as ever. Thus does our day-dream of a higher Christian life float away from us; and we are left to realize what frail, unreliable creatures we are when we rest on expectations of growth and of victory over evil in ourselves. "My soul, wait thou only upon God! My expectation is only from Him." When we trust God, He never deceives us.

When we pray to Him aright—that is, with faith, with perseverance, with submissiveness, and with a single eye to God's will, He answers us. He always returns the best answer possible. Our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes in His dealings with supplicants. He is a sovereign, but not a despot. If it pleases Him to keep us waiting for the trial of faith, then we must wait.

Affection is a sign of weakness, vanity hypocrisy.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

ROBERTSON AND THE SABBATH.

BY REV. A. PRINCE.

[Concluded.]

Now, the Gospel is for the entire human race. It also enjoins stated observances. Where man can live, there the Gospel can be planted, and there its institutions may, in all their integrity, be observed. But, as Mr. R. insists, the original Sabbath, if any, must be kept with chronological exactness, our duty will be very difficult, and will require the most careful computation and adjustment; and if we sail the deep, the perplexity and labor will be still greater than on the land. Traversing the globe in one direction, we might have fifty-three Sabbaths in a year; take an opposite course, and there would be but fifty-one. When air-ships shall make the circuit of the earth in a week, one will be able with a little care to escape the Sabbath altogether for one seven days; and if ever the voyage comes to be made in one day, persons of a more pious turn can have Sabbath all the way.

But observance of the creation Sabbath is not only inconvenient; it is actually impossible. Not only is the process perplexing, but the starting point is wanting. No man knows where on this planet God originally published His law. Probably it was at, or near Eden; but if that were known, it would not help the case, for the site of Eden has not been found, and its longitude is unknown. There is not a spot on the earth where the Sabbath, in exact succession from the first, can certainly be observed. Neither is it probable that when the Law was re-enacted at Sinai, Israel was required to duplicate the exact creation Sabbath; or that laterages were to measure holy time by the meridian of Arabia or of Palestine.

We conclude, that while uniformity among those that keep the Lord's Day is both desirable and binding, yet the exact portion of time originally sanctified is uncertain and immaterial. There is a sound sense in which the first day may become the seventh, and the seventh may become the first. We regret to see a great and good man assail an institution on the ground that the exact order observed at its origin is now varied; and especially when similar variations are found necessary and are approved in matters of common life.

The last important statement of the sermons to which we demur, is, that the Sabbath is abrogated. It is said, page 79, "we state the truth, that the Sabbath is obsolete—a shadow which has passed." On page 345, we are told that Paul "considered the Sabbath abrogated by Christianity—not modified in its stringency, but as totally repealed." Still it is insisted that the Sabbath was made for man—that he has needed and still needs it—and that "the need is deeply hidden in human nature." That a man of Robertson's acuteness could accept the notion that such an institution—one so much needed—has been "totally repealed," is surprising. That he should accept and teach it on the evidence he does, is astounding. He does not cite either Christ or any one of His original apostles in support of his strange assertion. He even declares of the Sabbath, that it is "nowhere in the Bible repealed." He bases his opinion upon his mere general understanding of the Law and of the Gospel, and upon certain statements and allusions in the writings of Paul.

His main reliance is upon the texts of his sermons, namely: Rom. xiv. 5, 6, and Col. ii. 16, 17. Paul is in these passages discussing other matters. He names the Jewish Sabbath but once, and does not clearly refer to the Lord's Day at all. He says of the Sabbath, that it is "a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." Bear in mind that Paul is opposing the pretensions of Judaism, and allow that the Sabbath is a reflection of the Lord's Day, and the statement will appear as truthful as it is appropriate. The other text alludes to one who "esteems every day alike." Interpret this of Jewish or Roman holidays, and the opinion of the believer is sensible, and the advice of the apostle appropriate. Understand the reference to be to the Lord's Day, and the sentiment is loose and the counsel mischievous. Mr. R. himself did not, and dared not advise enlightened Englishmen, who "esteemed every day alike," to be "fully persuaded in their own minds." Did Paul leave converts from among Jews and pagans to decide whether or not they would keep holy one day in seven? Over against the avowal that the Sabbath has been "totally repealed," which avowal is mainly supported by a few citations from a single New Testament writer, most of these citations being obscure, and all of them incidental, we place these plain considerations.

The Sabbath was instituted by God, and is as necessary now as at the time of its appointment. The code that contains it is confessedly "nowhere in the Bible repealed." Christ disclaimed any purpose to "destroy the Law," as Paul did all design to "make it void." The Master came to "fulfill," and the servant aimed to "establish" the great enactment. The Epistle of James bears the same date as that to the Romans, but it recognizes the decalogue as existing in full force and virtue. If Paul, as Mr. R. alleges, taught the same year that it was repealed, then either one of these apostles is wrong or Robertson is mistaken. We conclude that the moral law was then, and is now, universally binding.

But has not so much as refers to the Sabbath been abolished? If so, then

instead of "not one jot or tittle passing from the law," a whole section has been removed. If so, then the most elaborate statute, standing midway in the code, and exceeding in length any that precedes and all that follows it, has been wrenched from its place, and though as necessary as when first enacted, is no longer law.

We may note, first, the inconsistency of the above views—some miscellaneous examples. There is taught a religious non-observance of the Sabbath. Did any one ever meet with a clear instance? The writer has not, in a pilgrimage of fifty years. It is also taught that the Sabbath law, though repealed, still binds; a Christian is free from a sinner bound by its injunction. It follows that one may innocently toil, travel, or take recreation on the Lord's Day. But if a sinner imitate the example of his saintly neighbor, he will be guilty! Isaiah calls the Sabbath a "delight." Mr. R. recognizes the day as a "yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

Second, the influence these sermons have upon Sabbath observance. They have been largely circulated. They strike at the heart of the institution they discuss. If the Sabbath is "purely Jewish," designed "chiefly for the body," if its integrity has been impaired, and its character changed by the Church, and especially if it has been "totally repealed," those men who know their rights will not, and ought not to observe it. Since these sermons were published, Sabbath breaking in England and America has fearfully increased. This growing desecration may be referred to reaction from Puritan strictness, to our late war, to foreign immigration, to the influx of wealth, or to a general demoralization growing out of all these causes combined. All these agencies may have helped in the work. Still we think violators of the Lord's Day have been emboldened by the countenance furnished in the teaching of clergymen and editors, and by the practice of professed Christians. And the man who, above all other good men, seems to have most unfortunately influenced Christian thinking respecting the Sabbath, is Frederic W. Robertson!

A CARD.

To Professors of Holiness in all Denominations:

An author of established reputation is engaged in the preparation of a work upon the subject of Christian Holiness, designed to be more thorough and comprehensive than any thing now before the public. He desires TESTIMONY as to MATTER OF FACT, and hereby earnestly requests any who may have been constituted witnesses by their own experience concerning the points in question, to send to him a written statement of such experience, together with name and address—the name not to be made public. Address, Box 583, Bridgeport, Conn.

QUESTIONS.

1. Can persons of nervous temperament be so kept by the power of grace that, in times of continuous strain of duties while in a state of nervous exhaustion, they shall be free from all sense of irritability?
2. Is the felt irritability of temper, which often results from disordered bodily conditions, consistent with a holy heart?
3. Can men be instantaneously delivered from the power of acquired habits, such as the use of tobacco, rum, etc., so that they shall thereafter have no craving for the indulgence?
4. May those in whom the craving for narcotics or stimulants is inborn, and almost as a natural appetite, expect deliverance from the desire in answer to prayer for purifying grace?
5. Can the strongest appetite of the human organism be so subdued in a moment, by the power of the Holy Spirit, that thereafter solicitation to indulge shall not disturb the peace of the soul?
6. When, by reason of parental misfortune or perjury, that appetite is inborn in the child, and grows with his growth, can he, at any period of his vigorous manhood, for such deliverance as thereafter to rest from frequent or almost constant soul-harassing conflict with desire?

From the Watchman and Reflector.

THE "HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE."

In your excellent articles on the "Higher Christian Life," the question involved is now felt to be of paramount interest to every follower of Christ. Stripped of technicalities, it is the doctrine of full assurance of salvation, fully taught in the Word of God, and extensively held by the evangelical divines of the last century. I lately saw an extract bearing on this doctrine. The writer says:—

"When I came to Jesus, I was such a profligate that wherever I saw Jesus' love, I tarried not, but took Him for my all in all. I did not bring in my own rags to wash, for I had none; I was utterly naked. I just sat down at the table. I could get few to sympathize with me. They would have it that I had escaped hell by the blood of Christ, but a graduating process was needed before I could see His face. I knew this could not be in my case; and before I could leave Christ as my all, I should land in a mad-house. I am often nearly at the verge of despair, hearing talk so foreign to my consciousness; but when I could get hold of such a quotation as 'complete in Him,' it was like a sheet-anchor to my soul; I could speak of nothing else. How I felt my own consciousness saying 'amen' to every word, and getting food such as I never got before. I felt I got into Paul's mind (and therefore God's) concerning these glorious truths. I used to think being 'crucified,' etc., an insoluble enigma. I could not understand hacking at my old man to win

favor with God. But how glorious to see the old man crucified!—slain dead, and me now beyond my doom (judicially)—that morally it is no longer I, but Christ living in me. My life is Christ, and the flesh in me (the moral principle) is no more I, the new creation, but sin that dwelleth in me. My power is to reckon the old man dead, to mortify his deeds, and to count the flesh (which will never get any better), my enemy, and that I live in the spirit, the furnisher of the new man."

Looking at the passages, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, (or better the Greek) nevertheless I live; no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; etc., I think an exact counterpart in the former verse is stated as an abstract proposition. 'For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God; I, through the law; if, the law, came with ropes and said, 'die,' Paul says, 'well, I die, through the nailing me to the cross.' 'Am dead to the law'—a bankrupt, dead to all his creditors. 'That I might live to God.' I could never live unto God until I was clean, every whit; now I live to God. What a beautiful counterpart! How can saints miss it!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW CITY IN THE SOUTH.

BY REV. THEODORE L. FLOOD.

Atlanta is a new and youthful-looking city, of some 30,000 inhabitants, and 250 feet above the level of the sea. The public buildings and private residences bear the impress of northern ideas and character. It is the most Yankee city in all the south. The churches are numerous, and the towers and lofty spires are a feature of beauty quite rare in a southern city or town. The school buildings indicate a most excellent common school system, accommodating fifty-four schools, fourteen of them made up of colored people. The streets are broad, with abundant prospective shade trees. A drive to the famous "Ponce de Leon" Springs gives a good view of the rebel breastworks for the defense of the city. The Clarke Theological Seminary, over which Rev. Brother Lee presides, had seventy-eight students last year. It is a necessity as well as a success in our work, educating young men to go out and preach at a cost of \$10 a month.

Our Book Rooms are in the lower story of a fine brick building on White Street—a good location. Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., editor of *The Advocate*, occupies a pleasant room opening to the front. The doctor is looking well, and makes his paper ring with union sentiments, to the disquiet of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. No better enterprise has been started here than this paper, set for the defense of our Church among an unfriendly people, and the spread of our type of Methodism. When the mass of the colored people learn to read, its subscription list will be largely increased. The paper itself is an educator to this end. *The New Orleans Advocate* is soon to be added to the *Advocate* family, to be a tri-monthly, edited by Presiding Elder Hartwell, of the New Orleans District, and President A. C. McDonald, of the Shaw University. Southern blood runs sluggishly on religious and moral improvements, and needs to be quickened from such outside sources as these, and already the good fruits are being gathered.

An interesting illustration of this was witnessed at the examination of our colored school in Atlanta not long since. The boys and girls showed great proficiency in algebra, geometry, Latin, and one boy in Greek, before a large audience of spectators, among whom was Governor Brown of Georgia. In his speech the governor made the acknowledgement that he never supposed the negro was susceptible of such training as he had witnessed, and pledged his support to this effort in the future. This encouraged our preachers and people, and astounded the large class who love none of these things.

We have two churches in Atlanta—the Lloyd Street, under the care of Rev. E. Q. Fuller, D. D., a royal man, a Christian gentleman, and an excellent preacher. For more than five years he toiled to plant our Church and develop work at this centre. The results are seen in *The Atlanta Advocate*, the society of which he is pastor, and fifty or more white and colored churches scattered through this Conference. Few men are privileged to see a more abundant harvest while they live, than he now witnesses as the result of his labors. Our colored society is so large that a part of them meet in the church, and the others in a hall—both places being filled. A building that will seat 1,000 people is needed.

But the money—that's the question all over these States. I once thought we could soon ignore the Freedmen's Aid Society, and that before long the Missionary Society would need to give less aid to this people, and more elsewhere; but I surrender. If our laymen and ministers would visit the South as they do the seashore, the mountains, and Europe, they would surrender. Horace Greeley's advice, "go West," is good for farmers; but for Methodists, especially Methodist ministers, we say, go South; if you don't want to stay, go on a visit. It encourages the brethren here to see a northern Methodist, and it convinces those who come that the Freedmen's Aid, Church Extension and Missionary societies, etc., are not doing enough for this people.

Our work in Atlanta is a sample of what we have seen in many other

places. Among the whites it is small, compared with what we are doing among the colored people. It is estimated that we have a total of 300,000 members in the whole South, and that 50,000 of these are white, and 20,000 of them within the bounds of the Holston Conference. The most flourishing white churches are in Knoxville, Atlanta, and New Orleans. But wherever we go in these States we find large colored churches and immense congregations. They are born religionists, but they do things in their own way. Their evening preaching service commences at from half past eight to nine o'clock, and they stay quite contentedly until ten, half past ten, and eleven o'clock. Many of them serve in the white families, and cannot get out until tea is over and the domestic duties are performed. When a collection is to be taken for the missionary or any other good cause, it is announced by the pastor, they commence to sing, and each contributor comes forward and lays his or her gift on the table in front of the pulpit. It lengthens the service, but it fetches the money.

ATLANTA, May 31.

"DOUBTING OUR SALVATION MAKES ALL OUR MISERY."

(Reported for Zion's Herald.)

A Lecture-Room Talk by Henry Ward Beecher.

Many expressions in the word of God come to us with a great deal of power, fixed in the imagination and memory, yet tending to mislead us; as, in respect to God's "turning His face away." It is the figure of a father offended with his children, holding himself back and looking unfavorably upon them; he hides his face in darkness—they are expressions of disapprobation. We transfer not the idea, but the figure itself, with the feeling that God turns away from people. We know He is not a God of pride, of selfishness; but He turns away from impurity. He will not look on sin with allowance. Brought into these ideas from our earliest day, we do not need to be told that God don't love lies—we know He don't; but yet we transfer the image of the displeasure of God in a way that is very mischievous. People speak of suffering from darkness, because God has hid His face from them. They pray God to reveal the light of His countenance. I don't say this to criticize; I refer to the doubts and fears, the ups and downs in Christian life, as they are commonly spoken of.

It may be asked, "ought a Christian ever to doubt the reality of his piety?" Men do not doubt their own identity; they doubt almost everything else. That man must be singularly constituted who has not at sometime or other a doubt of his piety; he must be very triumphant indeed, never to doubt. A man may be kindhearted, and yet doubt. We get bewildered. I am not proud in one way, yet I have doubted whether I was not proud in other ways. Some people are so vain, they seem to suppose that the universe turns round with them for its centre! I may be vain, though I do not know it. These faults are very common. There is no great harm, and there is no great good in them either. There is harm in them when a man supposes his piety is the ground upon which God accepts him—that it is a sign of completeness—of perfection attained. It is the gift of God by which we live, and are to live forever.

Men have doubts in regard to their Christian character, as if Christian character was the ground of their acceptance with God. Their doubts arise from supposing that God requires perfect righteousness on man's part before He will save him. A man goes on shipboard, and is to be broken in as a sailor. At first he is very awkward and inefficient, but then there is the promise in him of something better; he is well looked upon by the captain, and well spoken of by all—not because he is so perfect, but because he means to do right, and in time will develop into all that can be desired. It is the promise that is in him that leads others to encourage him. Go into a school. A profoundly learned man is the teacher. He treats many of the scholars as friends and companions, not because they are such ripe scholars, for they are, all of them, green. He bestows pains and effort upon those who are full of promise of better things by and by.

Now, there is no man on earth who lives a perfect life. We are continually out of proportion. The best men are only sinners. There is a difference between one and another, but no man can trust for salvation on the ground of what he is, but on the ground of what God is. God is able to save us, notwithstanding our sins; it is a work of grace, and also a work of development and education. Our safety does not stand on our excellence. It does not make that a matter of indifference, but our safety stands on a faithful and covenant-keeping God. Our life here is a gift of God, and our eternal life is a gift of God. A gift is a thing bestowed without equivalent, and without return. Divine life comes to us because there is such amplitude of love in God. The gifts of God come to us on account of the long suffering kindness of God—because it is the nature of God to give. It is God's nature to shine upon men, and when they turn to receive it, and open their hearts to accept and know this divine love, then they are children of God. They stand in His fidelity, and not in their own integrity. It is in God's mercy and grace, and not in our own perfectness, nor in our righteousness that we are to stand. Every doubt should be extinguished in the thought of God's unchangeableness. If once we have put our trust in Him—if day

by day we are really and honestly intent on developing that which will please God, there are no reasons, except morbid ones, why we should doubt. I think the great majority of doubts spring either from a distorted theology, or from such a view of God as a jealous God—as a God requiring righteousness—as takes away all the comfort we ought to have from trust in the bounty of God's love to us through Christ Jesus.

A Brother: Would it not sometimes be well to doubt? When I have doubts in a matter of business, I stir about and put forth more effort; and as the Christian has doubts in regard to himself, he may be more watchful.

Mr. Beecher: Vigilance is good; the Christian ought to watch. But doubt is a mephitic gas; it is suffocating. Doubting is a suffering state of mind; it does very little good whatever. Does a man doubt whether he is a citizen? Does he doubt his desire or purpose in business? Does he doubt what he wants? Does he doubt whether he is kind to those he loves? There may be imperfection in our aims, but their direction we cannot doubt. There need be no doubt whether the general purpose of our living is for ends laid down in the Word of God. I may make a poor journey, but I cannot say I am not journeying at all.

A Brother: If we have doubts, ought we not to go to God as if we had never been converted?

Mr. Beecher: A man would not be harmed if he were converted every day of his life. The distinct surrender of himself to God by his reason, his judgment, his reflection, may be done every single day. Whether he did or not make a mistake a year ago, it is just the same. If you lose your watch, you go back for it; but if you lose your hope, you go back for it; a hope once had and lost is not worth hunting for.

Mr. Morton: Doubting our salvation makes all our misery. When I began to serve Christ, it was sunshine one day, and darkness the next; I did not understand my standing in Christ; if I did wrong, I thought my salvation was gone—that the Lord had got through with me. I was in Chicago at the time of the cholera; I was in the habit of praying just such a length of time—about fifteen minutes, before I went to bed; the cholera had been there three or four weeks; I had been hard at work in the midst of it. One night I came home about twelve o'clock, and had to hold on to the railing as I went up stairs. I thought, I cannot pray tonight; something said, if you don't, it will go hard with you. I got down on my knees, and at four o'clock in the morning I awoke on my knees; nothing helped me till I got hold of this text: "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." That word "all," stands for past time, for the present, and for time to come. When I come to Christ, He forgives for the past, the present, and the future. [This, with much that follows, is a singular interpretation of Scripture, we must confess.]

ED. HERALD:—For six years I have not doubted. I'm a sinner—every day a sinner, feeling God's great love to me—an unworthy sinner. I have not a doubt that God's great love don't meet—

Mr. Beecher: At my farm, on one side the fence the snow is melted, the other side it remains. There was the warmth of the sun for both, but there was a fence there, and one was out of the way. If you don't melt, there is a fence there, or you are out of the way. The same grace is everywhere. That thought of the blood never did me the least good in the world; the idea of blood is distasteful to me; it pertains to the old sacrifices. The sheep was killed, and priest, people, everything was spattered with the blood. This text is full of beauty to me: "The Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it is a discerner of the intents of the heart. All things are open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." From these words I take hope. God is my great High Priest; He is touched with a feeling of my infirmities; He will hold fast to me, having proved me. If He did not know me, how could I tell but when He found me out He would be tired of the bargain? No; everything is known to God; His eyes pierce like lightning when you err. He will hold on to you though you may let go! "Shall a mother forget her sucking child? Yes, she may forget, yet will not I." Can there be anything stronger than that?

A BASKET OF MOSSES.

GATHERED BY AN INVALID.

"It is sometimes said of wicked men that they are good at heart, after all. If they were, there would be little need of the apology. The heart makes the man, and the outward life is only the fruit of seed sown within."

"The daily life of a good man is a fountain that enriches and refreshes all that come near."

"It will increase the blessedness of Heaven itself if even there we can welcome others, coming up from earth and finding us out, to tell us that some word of ours drew them to drink of the river of God's pleasures."

"The beautiful structure of a strong, well-balanced, symmetrical character is built out of individual acts of duty."

"Our piety should never fail in kind words, in cheerful civilities, in whole-some encouragements; we must cherish all the sweet fidelities of friendship, the gentle tones of affection. Goodness and truth are of more weight than brilliant talents, and good temper goes farther than a great gift. We cannot

expect people to believe either in our principles or our sincerity, when they see them failing to amend our faults and strengthen our virtues."

"Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a way-side sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in simply and earnestly with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

"Take patiently the minutes of pain. The worst of minutes cannot remain."

"Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me?"

"It comes to pass that God appoints to some of His children—and those too that are dearest to Heaven and to earth—the lot of affliction. He troubles them because through trouble He can get them to receive most; and He sends them sorrow upon sorrow, not because they have not learned the lessons He has before tried to teach them, but because they have learned them. It is a spectacle of the workings of divine love, a method of His tender mercy, a token of His Fatherhood. It shows us one way in which 'to him that hath' more is given. The spirit of the world cannot believe this, and it is as much as ever that many Christians do; but they understand it in heaven; and all the sons and daughters of grief who at last reach that happy place, will see that the shadow under which they dwell in this world, was not God's frown but His smile."

"Read the Bible at leisure moments, when you do not come to it as a set task, but as a delightful privilege unexpectedly thrown in your path. Give the Bible some of your happy moods; the free-will offerings of a joyous spirit."

"If human praises are withheld, the approval of the God of truth is never denied to the steadfast and noble heart."

Our Social Meeting.

Thus pleads a young pastor for EARLY MARRIAGES.

I presume you will receive numerous replies, if you have not already, to the article in the HERALD of July 10; but, being one of the numerous class there referred to in far from flattering terms, allow me to say a few words in defense. I have read several times the article, and the one on "Church Economics" in *The Christian Advocate* of June 19; and though in both, many thoughts and suggestions are thrown out, worthy of the most careful consideration by the "young ministerial brethren," yet there are statements made that surprise me very much. I quote the statements first from the HERALD:—

"In all our Conferences in this part of the work, there are peculiar calls for vigorous, eloquent, earnest young men, endowed with the best gifts, able to move about freely because unembarrassed with families, willing to labor at a small earthly compensation, and full of devout enthusiasm for the work of an evangelist. Scores of young societies need such laborers to develop them and to bring out their latent resources; and scores of favorable localities are open to such zealous evangelists, if they would only go in and possess the land."

The *Advocate* says:—"Now, however, to get admitted on trial in the Conference is often accepted as a full provision for marriage, which is usually promptly acted upon, and so the churches everywhere, and however weak, are taxed to support ministers with families."

Here are some facts: I heard, within a year, a Presiding Elder publicly state in the Boston Preachers' Meeting, that he found more difficulty in stationing the comparatively few unmarried men, than all the rest put together; and gave as a reason that the people were unwilling to receive single men, especially if young. Now there were a number of theological students present. What was the inference, we ask, to be drawn by a young man?

Again: A young man, acknowledged to be of average ability, a graduate of Wilbraham Academy, Wesleyan University, and the Boston School of Theology, made known to each one of the Presiding Elders of the New England Conference, that it was his intention to join said Conference. He preferred to join this Conference, inasmuch as his father was a member of over thirty-five years' standing, and being in declining health, desired his son to take his place in the ministry of the same Conference. One of the Elders said his district was more than full; and the other three could offer no encouragement unless he should be married. Nothing was said in the interview about the amount of salary. It was then too late to change his plans, and apply for admission to any one of the other spring Conferences. Moreover, from what he heard, he was likely to be told the same by the Elders of these Conferences.

As a result, at the last moment he was admitted to Conference, with the understanding that he should be married as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. And he is today, with his devoted wife, in a country appointment, away from all railroads and markets, receiving a salary of about four hundred and seventy-five dollars.

How does this correspond with the statement of an Elder (I hope none of the four referred to) to the writer of said article in the HERALD, "that he could not obtain a young minister from our schools who would listen to any call unless emphasized by a salary of a thousand dollars or more." Having been personally acquainted with from seventy-five to one hundred of the students of one of our theological schools, we doubt if there be one who would refuse such an offer, on completing his course of studies. We know of a number joining the various New England Conferences this last spring, who will undoubtedly receive less.

We quote again from the HERALD: "But our young ministers anticipate even their first parish, entering upon the ordinance of marriage long before they are empowered by ecclesiastical law to administer the same to others." We confess this to be a fact; but are there not good reasons for it? According to our present economy, if a young man goes through the academy, college, and theological school, as advised

by the leading men of the Church, and then joins Conference, he has two more years to wait before he can ecclesiastically (not legally, I believe) marry. Twelve years in all! No wonder he anticipates even his first parish—that is, if he ever intends to be married. Truly, as Dr. Curry says, "the remedy of this evil—a needless and dangerous one—is with the administration, the Bishops and the Conferences, who could if they would, apply the corrective." But as the case now stands, should not young men be allowed to join Conference and be stationed at the Theological Seminary, rather than compel them to acquire rightfully the title of "old bachelor" before admitted into full connection with the Conference?

Our Book Table.

THE LIBERAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN; THE DEMAND AND THE METHOD; CURRENT THOUGHTS IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND. Edited by James Otis, A. M., Professor in Vassar College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 & 113 William Street. This volume of 324 decimo pages contains thirty-six full or abridged papers from leading educators, and writers in English and American reviews and newspapers, upon the various questions growing out of the discussion of the higher education of women. Co-education, separate education, and special courses of education are fully discussed in all their aspects, and in many instances by those who are illustrating their theories by practical experiments, as in Oberlin, Michigan University, and Vassar College. The late full and able discussion at the annual meeting of the American Education Association, with a discourse of T. W. Higginson, esq., is given in the appendix. Professor Otis has accomplished a valuable service in thus gathering and presenting the ablest views of the hour upon every side of this interesting question.

CRITIQUES AND ADDRESSES. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The present volume gathers up the elaborate addresses and reviews of his cultivated and daring author, upon educational, scientific, and philosophical topics, prepared since the publication of his "Lay Sermons." Mr. Huxley is, perhaps, the ablest, most independent and intrepid thinker in the ranks of the materialistic and speculative philosophers of the day. He writes with great earnestness, and with the persuasive force of apparent conviction. He is more of a Darwinian than Darwin himself. He has awakened, however, in response to his teachings, as able pens as his own, in his peers in cultivation and scientific knowledge, in the defense of Revelation and the theology of the inspired Scriptures. We shall secure a careful review of the volume for our paper.

FOODS. By Edward Smith, M. D., LL. B., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This is a valuable and popular presentation of the nutritive elements in all the various provisions and preparations of food, both vegetable and animal. It is an admirable volume for the family library. Every house-keeper should read it. The treatise is made the more entertaining and instructive by its full description of the natural history of the various vegetable foods, their cultivation, and preparation for market. Science is rapidly working down into practical life, as the masses of men become readers.

The Agents at New York have issued a very handsome and cheap edition of Dr. Punshon's Lectures and Sermons. This memorial volume of his eloquent author is receiving the most commendatory notices from the press. It merits, as it will doubtless receive, a very large sale. Dr. Punshon paints with his tongue or pen as vivid and charming pictures before the mind as the artist in colors does before the outward eye; but the Doctor's memorable pictures make the deepest and most lasting impressions upon the soul. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee.

SHORT SERMONS ON CONSECRATION AND KINDRED THEMES, for the Closet, the Fireside, and the Lecture-Room. By Rev. A. C. George, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Boston: J. P. A. & Co. This volume of 300 duodecimo pages contains thirty-four short meditations upon appropriate Scriptures, chiefly relating to the higher experiences of the Christian life. Its author is not unknown as a writer in our columns. He is forcible, clear, orthodox, and eminently practical. This volume will be a comfort to the invalid deprived of sanctuary privileges, and will afford to all profitable and suggestive religious reading.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Kate Field, in her volume of "Hazardous Experiences in the West and in Europe," says: "Whoever imagines small New England towns to be intellectually superior to those in the West that have been built up by Yankee energy and enterprise, is laboring under a lamentable delusion. Many portions of the new territory are New England with all the modern improvements of generous hospitality, toleration, frankness, and what a man would call a rather good family; his grandfather was a very distinguished man." "Was he?" replied the incorrigible Westerner. "That won't wash in these regions; there's less dandyism here than in any other part of the United States. What's he himself?" "Dandyism" is an inspiration. Let it be recorded in the coming dictionary of Americanisms.

Hon. George Lunt, in his "Old New England Traits," gives the following description of one of the old characters of quaint old Newburyport: "The citizens of the old town were pretty thorough Puritans by inheritance and inclination, at the middle of the last century. But the minister of the First Church was, in his day, a gentleman noted for his liberal tastes and accomplishments. He had a picture painted on a broad panel over the pre-Revolutionary altar, representing himself and several others of the cloth sitting around a table, in the full contents of wig, gown and band, before each a mug of ale, and each supplied with a tobacco-pipe, from which rolled volumes of narcotic fumes. At the top of the painting was a legend in the Latin tongue, of which the following, I believe, a correct copy: 'In essentialibus unitas, in nonessentialibus libertas, in omnibus caritas.'"

"Responsive Worship," the title of a sermon recently preached by Rev. Wm. Ives Boddington, D. D., and now published by A. S. Barnes & Co. It is written to show the advantage of the reading of the Scriptures in the Sabbath services, in concert with the congregation, and to prove that this was the original mode of Bible reading. The author proves conclusively that congregations are too much prayed, preached, read and sung to, and should now take part of the worship of the Sabbath upon themselves. The volume is well written, clear, calm and argumentative, and is supplemented by letters from distinguished clergymen, all testifying to the wonderful success of the plan where it has been tried. Let it have a wide circulation among all our churches and among our pastors.

AN EVENING IN MEXICO.

Rev. W. X. Ninde, of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit, has been elected Professor of Practical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

The Regents of the University of the State of New York, on the 29th ult., in consideration of eminent attainment as teachers awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to be conferred on Jonathan Allen, A. M., President of Alfred University, and Alonzo Flack, A. M., Principal of Claverack Academy and Hudson River Institute.

Two-fifths for temperance, and three-fifths against it! The two-fifths include the larger part of church members. At first sight, the latter appears to be very unequal. But if "two can chase a thousand," two-fifths, with truth and God on their side, ought to rout three-fifths; and they will!

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873.

In this country the only serious peril is in the direction of public education and social reforms. The objective point of Roman Catholic endeavor at this hour, throughout the United States, is to destroy the public school, and secure a division of the school fund among the sects. One of the most serious disturbing elements, also, in our penal, reformatory, and almshouse departments, is this same Roman Catholic

During the last days of the Second Empire, the Senator Sainte-Beuve made the same request, and the government never thought of refusing to him civil and military honors. But this pretend-

On the other hand, the religious and benevolent foundations which have so greatly appreciated other property, are the gifts of individuals, from which they receive no pecuniary income, but in most cases continue to pay largely to keep them running. It would certainly be ungenerous as well as unjust, to oblige the benevolent man to pay in addition a tax to guard the secular property his benevolence has helped to appreciate.

St. Louis, favorable reports were made by D. J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, a member of this committee. Through the agency of Dr. Hoyt, a bill was presented in the United States Senate by Senator Sawyer, looking to the establishment and endowment of ~~such~~ an institution, with ten professional ~~faculties~~. The president of the university was to be appointed by the president of the United States, with the consent of the Senate, and the president of the different Faculties by the university president, with the consent of the Senate. The university president was to receive the salary of the Chief Justice, and the heads of departments of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Against such an institution as this President Eliot addresses his present report (which is published in *The Advertiser* of August 9). He first shows by the history of the case, that the Association as a body is in no wise responsible for the movement as it has been thus far consummated, but that it is the work of individuals, and then powerfully argues against the whole thing. His strongest point, which he presses with great force and at great length, is the impossibility of securing and sustaining an adequate Faculty, while subject to the political influences incident to a Federal institution. The trouble which has been the constant embarrassment of our purely State colleges, is significant as to the enhanced difficulties which will attend an institution established at Washington, and a creature of Congress. To meet some of these objections, Senator Sawyer, at the last session, in his bill, placed the government of the institution in the hand of fifty-five regents, a portion of them heads of governmental departments, and a part selected from the different States. The unwieldiness of the body, and the impossibility of securing harmony of action would be an adequate objection to such a ruling Senate as this. There is no reason why the State should, from a common tax, provide professional education for its citizens. Its naval and military schools, indeed, are incident to the perpetuation of its army and navy. The true policy of the country is to secure the universal education of the people up to a point adequate to the proper exercise of the duties of citizenship; all else, like our religious establishments, must be voluntary. It may appropriately endow the preparatory schools and enlarge the scope of general intelligence, but the higher education of the people may be safely, and much more wisely, entrusted to the intelligence, piety and generosity of the people. We shall have in this way better managed institutions, and education conducted under more wholesome auspices.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

not very powerfully turns upon the Rom-
anist, and calls his attention to the condition
of the populace of France and Spain, who
have been heretofore entirely under the in-
fluence of the Romish priesthood:—

Europe generally, are simply the reaction of the ecclesiastical training of the people. No country of Europe has been more thoroughly controlled by Romanism than Spain. The priests have had the moulding of the popular mind for centuries. They have drawn from the people a larger revenue than that of the government; yet a more demoralized and illiterate people cannot be found in the civilized world. Of the sixteen millions, twelve millions can neither read nor write; only three millions can both read and write; only half that number

In the second place, plain, you shall still persevere in the attempt which I earnestly urge you to do—I give you this caution: Do not attempt to make a speech. Never expect or plan to make a *great* speech. In the first place, do not think of making a speech. Simply begin to talk. Look upon your audience, whether it be small or great, as a group of persons to whom you wish to give them in a simple conversational form of utterance your views upon a certain matter. This is the only method which I can recommend. Apparently you have not attempted to do much, and therefore your failure cannot be marked. But I am sure that you will find it simple, direct, instructive. If, on the other hand, you should do quite well, as you are likely to do even now, you will find that the method which I will get the more credit and applause because you seemed so unpretentious in your opening. The great trouble, I think, is that you have not been able to find a theme which you have conversed so freely upon. I think that the acorn within whose contracted shell the magnificent tree exists in germinal form, is the germ of the speech. The opening and sprouting a long string of eloquent words is not.²

Mrs. Pliny Wood is remaining for a short time in Chicopee. She finds it necessary to dispose of her husband's library, to meet certain pecuniary obligations. After these are met, she will have little besides the Providence of God and the friendly aid of the Church to depend upon. Many of these books offered for sale are standard theological works. Our ministers and readers legions on Springfield District will

Rev. G. W. H. Clark, of Fitchburg, has been engaged to do mission work for the balance of the Conference year, under the auspices of the Boston City Mission and Church Extension Society. He will preach regularly at Washington Village, and do such other mission work as the Board may direct. He is an excellent man, a faithful and diligent preacher, and the Society are fortunate in securing his services for the work assigned to him.

The Principalship of the New Hampshire State Normal School has been seeking again one of our ministers, Rev. M. W. Prince, of the New Hampshire Conference, was unani-

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

FROM THE GOSPEL OF PAUL, CHURCH.
Translated by James Freeman Clarke, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

The bells of the churches are ringing;
Papa and mamma have both gone;
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to still in a pew,
These busy religious little people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each little child has a morning prayer,
With looks upturned to his hand.

Their hymns have no sense in their letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune;
Our worship, perhaps may be better,
But theirs reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above is as pleased
To hear their voices from their lips than ours.

Sing on, little children! your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on, for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on; our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned;
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold our book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on; our harmonious inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our anguished intentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on; all our struggle and battle,
Our cry, when most deep and sincere—
What are they? A child's simple prayer—
A breath in the Infinite Ear.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Aug. 31.

LESSON IX.—Third Quarter.

Notes on Matthew, Chapter ix. 1-9.

BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

1. And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city.

2. And behold there were many sick of the palsy, lying on a bed, and Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.

3. And behold certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth.

4. And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?

5. For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and walk?

6. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then said he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house.

7. And he arose, and departed to his house.

8. But when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.

POWER TO FORGIVE SINS.

Our Lord would not obtrude His labors on the unwilling Gergesenes, who, alarmed by His wonderful works, besought Him to depart out of their coasts. So, taking ship, He passed over to His own city, or place of residence, which was Capernaum, on the western shore of Lake Genesareth, now called, says Dr. Thomson, Tzich-Hum. It secured the double advantage to our Lord of intercourse by sea and land, as it was on a thoroughfare from Babylon and Damascus, and was then a center of business, though now deserted and lonely. Here our Lord resided for at least twelve months, and according to Jewish law, became a citizen, and He paid tribute, with Peter, at whose house He was probably entertained. This miracle, wrought at Capernaum, was probably at some former time, though not before mentioned by Matthew, and now suggested, it may be, by the mention of the place.

Brought to him a man sick of the palsy, or paralysis, the loss of muscular power—a striking emblem of the sinner's moral inability. In the account given by St. Mark of this miracle, there are additional particulars. Christ was in the house, or perhaps in the gallery of the house, while great crowds of hearers thronged the house and doorways, or outer courts (Mark ii. 1, 2). Here He preached to the Word. In the midst of the crowd four men bear along this helpless creature, on a bed, whose very appearance called for help.

Seeing their faith, shown by carrying him to the top of the house, as they could reach the Saviour no other way; and when they had "uncovered," or "broken up," the slight roof, they let down the bed with the sick man into the immediate presence of the Lord. What faith, earnestness and persistence! So all come to Christ, who receive at His hands the healing of soul or body. No difficulties, or obstacles must or can stand in the way. Then Jesus, seeing their faith, speaks, and the work is done.

This strong faith and energy of the man and those who love him, doubtless led the Saviour to do more for him than they expected. They looked for restored health; but He pronounces the greater blessing of pardon, thus striking at the root of all physical, as well as moral maladies. Blessed be the name of the Giver of all good, who delights to do for those who believe with all their heart, "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." All skeptics are at once disarmed. The Jew, who believed that no diseased person could be healed till his sins were blotted out, and the naturalist, who could neither see nor appreciate a spiritual and inner work, were compelled to see the paralytic taking up his bed and walking! After his pardon, and before his healing, a conversation ensues between Christ and the infidel scribes. They would not acknowledge the spiritual work, but accused Him of blasphemy. They, like modern liberal Christians, must see or not believe, by which they show they have no faith at all, as "faith is the evidence of things not seen."

This man blasphemeth—not in reproachful or profane words, but it implies on the part of the creature the arrogating of prerogatives which belong alone to God, which the Jews punished with death.

Knowing their thoughts was a third proof of His divinity, which came crushing in upon them, as He spoke what they felt, and vainly attempted to conceal. The Jews held, as drawn from Isaiah xi. 3, that the true Messiah would be able to read men's hearts; and they put to death the impostor, Bar Coos, who failed when tested on that point. Now they are stunned and silent.

Easier to say—do, or accomplish. It requires the same omnipotence to pardon sin, as to heal without means a sick, or raise a dead man, though one can be more easily denied than the other, it being invisible. The disciples had the power given them by Christ to heal the sick, but no power to pardon sin. The offended Godhead alone has ever exercised that prerogative. This belonged to Christ, to convince His accusers of which He wrought in His own name and strength the additional miracle of healing the converted man. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases?" (Ps. ciii.)

Arise, take up thy bed, shows that his healing must be accompanied by an effort and an act of obedience, as is the conversion of the soul and its final salvation. God works only in company with man to save him, soul or body, in time or in eternity.

Work, or perish, is God's decree; and He only does for man what he can do for himself—temporarily and spiritually. The God of Nature is the God of grace. Naaman had to go and wash; the man with a withered hand had to stretch it forth; and the paralytic must arise and take up his bed, or mattress. So must sinners repent, believe and pray, or perish, if God is alike in grace and nature.

And he arose, showing that poor, helpless mortals, confiding in the Divine word, and making the best possible effort, immediately see accomplished in their case what nothing except Omnipotence can do.

They marvelled and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.

These things were done by these miracles, being less skeptical than the Scribes and Pharisees, though it may be doubted whether their convictions amounted to a true comprehension of Christ's character. Wicked and skeptical men marvel at God's providences, and the wonders of His works and grace; are awe-struck, panic-struck, sometimes; convinced and confounded; but seldom on that account repent and become converted. The silent and powerful influence of the Holy Spirit alone convert men evangelically, and generally through the preaching of the word, while solemn and awful judgments seem to have, and to accomplish generally, other purposes of God—chiefly, perhaps, to cure men's atheism.

BIBLICAL LESSON, AUG. 31.

Good Thoughts.

(Supplementary.)

1. Why do unbelieving and wicked men desire the Divine Being to depart from them?

2. How long, and with whom did our Lord probably reside at Capernaum?

3. How does the palsy represent sin?

4. What led this paralytic, and those who bore him, to Christ?

5. What lesson from the difficulties they overcame?

6. Why did Christ do more than they asked Him to do?

7. Why did not the pardoning act of Christ convince the Scribes?

8. What did they mean by blasphemy? How punished by the Jews?

9. What proof had the Jews of Christ's Messiahship, according to their view of Isa. xi. 3?

10. Why can God alone forgive sins?

11. In what way alone does God supply man's temporal and spiritual wants?

12. How are the multitudes affected by God's wonders and judgments?

13. Do these usually produce repentance and conversion?

14. What may be their chief design, and accomplishment?

Universal Prayer for Sunday-Schools.

The London Committee of the Sunday-School Union have fixed upon October 19th and 20th, to be observed for united prayer by the teachers throughout the world for God's blessing on their labors. The 19th being Sunday, from 7 to 8 A. M. is set apart for private prayer; in the afternoon each school to be gathered for prayer and address; and also in the evening. On Monday, the teachers to observe a similar plan, the female teachers of each school holding a meeting for prayer by themselves.

Dr. Vincent earnestly recommends the observance of these days of prayer by all schools connected with the Sunday-school Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but suggests that the regular lesson for the day be not omitted.

The Family.

EARTH'S ANGELS.

I never saw an angel,
Except the ones in books;
I don't believe a mortal
Knows how an angel looks.
We guess at something misty,
Through the heavy-lid eyes,
With angelic smiles floating,
And garments strangely bright.

But I believe earth's angels
Walk here in mortal guise,
Though we discern but faintly
Through the heavy-lid eyes,
Or see them as they leave us,
Who walked beside us here,
Their angelhood quite hidden
Because it lived so near.

I can remember angels
Who seemed like common folks;
Who wore old-fashioned bonnets,
And faded winter cloaks;
Who came when dire disaster
Crowned lesser home mishap,
Or younger claimants crowded
The dear maternal lap.

With curving arms wide open
To take the weary in,
With patient love to listen
To childish want or sin,
What better thing could angels
Do than listen to their story,
And bid them promise new?

I think of friends angels,
Upon whose faded hair
There shone no crown of glory,
Whose robes the crown were there;
When tender love, true-hearted,
Forgave the wrongs it knew,
And patient voice gave answer
The days of trial through.

Ah, me! the childish angel
Who beckons I write!
Perchance I should not know him
In mystic robe of white.
He wears a schoolboy's jacket,
And cap, and boots to me,
As when we walked at twilight,
His head against my knee.

There are dear mother angels,
Who perchance know one,
Whose robes of better glory
Are daily being spun.
With loving hands to guide us,
With loving words to cheer,
Said I not well, earth angels,
Walk daily with us here?

[We reluctantly omit Little Camp this week, simply to enable us to relieve the pressure of communications in our Family department.]

RIVERSIDE—A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

Part II. Erno Again.

[The following was intended to precede the article, "Bothered with a Soul!"]

It was a long time before Mrs. Eaden told the children anything more about Erno. The dear papa had been home and had gone again; Kate had returned from her grandmother's; and the sick darling, who, during a year of wasting illness, had shown a sweet thoughtfulness and patience, was no longer among them, for she had gone to the land where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more—where the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall find them, and bring them to living fountains of water, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God.

Now it was early summer-time, and the sun had set. Mamma took the rocking-chair, that had been placed for her near the middle of the room, and Beattie, the baby, now two years old, sat on her knees. The other young people sat by the windows or by the open door, where they could look out on the sky, yet glowing with sunset colors, on the green lawn and row of ash trees, on the beautiful still river and the peaceful meadows beyond it; and mamma continued the story:—

"Well, Erno had great pleasure in exploring that part of fairy-land to which he had come, and he was never tired of wandering about the rooms, which seemed to him richer than a king's palace; and every one was kind to him, and always ready to oblige him, and to help him in planning new sports and new excursions; and it did not enter his head that he should ever want to go away from his new friends."

"But Erno fell sick; and then he remembered that he had a soul that would still live somewhere after his body should be laid in the grave. He tried to call to mind the verses from the Bible, and the little hymns that he had learned; and he felt uneasy because he had so long forgotten about his soul and his Saviour."

"Then he asked the fairy lady who had first greeted him, to tell him what he must do. But the fairy looked very grave, and shook her head, and said, 'Erno, you will have to go back again to the country you came from, for we have no souls in fairy-land, and can tell you nothing.'"

"And Erno said he wished to go. He wondered how he should return, and the lady told him he would go in a boat; and a litter was made ready for him, and ever so many of the fairies bore the litter on their shoulders, and pulling at their tiny oars, fairy-land was soon out of sight. By and by they were sailing on a river; and then it was only a brook; and soon the banks began to look familiar—and the boat drew up to the shore, and he was left on the land; and the fairy-barge had vanished."

"He was wondering if he should see the dear little fairies no more, and thinking how strangely they had vanished, when he was waked."

"Why, mother, had he been asleep?" said Fanny. "Well, I do think—"

"At first he could hardly believe it, everything had seemed so real to him. But when he looked around, he knew every object that he saw—all but one. A little girl, no older than himself, was sitting on the grass by the brook, and in a moment a gentleman was speaking with her. 'See, papa! he has waked. Do you think this is my cousin Ernest?'"

"Yes, my child, I believe so," and speaking to Erno, he said:

"My boy, what is your name?"

"Ernest Mansfield," replied Erno, in much surprise.

"How do you know that to be your name?" asked the gentleman.

"I have always been told so, and it was marked on something that I wore when I was found."

"And I am your uncle—George Grey; and he took him by the hand and said, 'you will come with me now, and be my boy. Shall you like it?'"

"Erno grasped the hand of his uncle, and looked up and tried to speak; but his heart was so full he could only bow his head. It seemed such a wonderful thing that he, the little boy that belonged to nobody, should be claimed and cared for by a kind uncle."

"Uncle George then said, 'This is your cousin Alice, Erno. You will study and play together; and your Aunt Mary is waiting for us at the hotel, a mile from here.'"

"Why, mamma," said Fanny, "how was Erno lost? and where did his uncle come from?"

"I shall tell you," replied Mrs. Eaden.

"Erno's father had died, and left his mother living in a Southern city. But having lived until her marriage at the North, she determined to return to her native State, though her parents were not living, and her only brother had been abroad several years. She took passage with her little boy, then three years old, on board the steamer 'Mermaid'; but a fearful storm overtook the ship, and she was wrecked on the coast near the little fishing town of Norbury, where Erno had lived ever since. Erno's mother scarcely breathed after being taken from the water; and all that could be learned by the kind people on the shore, was the name of the little boy."

"His uncle, Mr. Grey, then in a distant quarter of the globe, got tidings of the disaster to the noble ship, and supposed that mother and child had perished together. But on his return, several years later, by advertising for information, he learned what led him to hope that he might at least discover the grave of his dearly loved sister. And now he had found her son."

"Come with us, Erno," said Mr. Grey, "and see your aunt, who is anxiously waiting for us; and then we will go together and see the good people who have taken care of you all these five years."

"Erno had had no settled home, for the people of the place were poor; but almost every family had shown kindness to the little orphan, and had taken turns in giving him such care as they bestowed on their own little ones; and he had grown up to his ninth year, the child of the neighborhood, having lived for weeks or months together in more than a dozen families."

"He had done errands for the matrons, gone fishing with the men, helped them in farming time, gone to

school a few months in a year with the children, and had become quite attached to his companions and to a young lady teacher who had come from a near town, and who, beside teaching the little people their letters and figures, often read to them from nice little books, and told them stories of her own making. She had walked with them in the woods and fields; and Erno especially loved the meadow and the little trout-stream, near which he was lying when he had his dream."

And scolding is terrible in its influence upon the scolded. This is to be seen in the family, as about all the scolding in this world is done at home. It makes that place on earth very much of a hell, which was designed to be the most of a heaven here. The scolded wife is invariably an unhappy woman. Her home is a prison, and her husband's presence is a constant torture and torment. Subject as she is to reproach and bitter fault-finding, expecting the last of his tongue if everything is not just to his mind, she has no confidence to attempt to do anything. Her feeling is that of one ground in the dust under an iron heel. And not many wives can long conceal this state of things. With all their effort of affection to have it appear otherwise, their manner will come to be tell-tale, saying, 'life is endured, not enjoyed, nor really lived.' Pity for the tongue-whipped wife!

And the scolded husband becomes a wreck just as surely, as one can easily judge in visiting the family, whether a scolding husband eats and drinks and lodges there. So, in observing the manner of a man at his daily work; it can be well determined whether a winning welcome or an avalanche of reproach is looked for when he reaches home; and driven from home by scolding, or going to his office or shop with the tones of a scold ringing in his ears, how often has the husband turned aside to take an extra glass! The scolded husband, other things being equal, is far more in danger of the drunkard's ruin."

The scolded husband cannot be himself, though he may scold back, thus making the occasional tempest a life-long storm. He prosecutes his business on his own resources—a limited, half capital in any business and in any man's case, without the hearty sympathy and co-operation of his wife. The scolded wife is not counseled with—she cannot be. She may be informed of prosperity, and her advice asked in the sunshine; but some adversity comes in every business, crossing every path; and if a man's business errors, when made known at home, meet only or chiefly with unkind words, he will learn to keep his own counsel for peace; and the man that must thus keep his own counsel cannot be the man he needs to be."

And what is the fate of scolded children? If nothing worse, they go forth to life's hard work and doubtful battles very unequipped, because they were left with little or no love for the home left behind. But it is almost certain to be worse. The scolded child is homeless from the day of its birth. A peevish, fault-finding habit comes inevitably. Unloved at home, the child becomes unloved everywhere. Of all the young men in danger, he is most to be pitied who goes from the parental roof without the salutary, restraining memory of kind words—who goes not only without religion, but without respect for the professed piety of scolding parents."

The scolds are generally women—only here and there a scolding man, just enough scold to show to the scold-furnishing sex how unworthy and wicked scolding is. No doubt men "live in glass houses" too. If they don't scold, they sin not a little in their own ways. Perhaps the more sensitive nature of woman has more relation to her reader use of the tongue in the way we speak of. All health is seen to aggravate the habit; and any woman's path is full enough of provocation in hasty and hard words, no doubt."

But if woman can endure so much in other ways, why can she not rule the "unruly members?" It would wonderfully promote the usefulness and add to the peace of many women to scold, less—to scold none at all. Scolding never wrought any radical change for the better in any person; and where it has seemed for a season to accomplish good, "kind words" would have done greater and far more lasting good. "Now I shall never be scolded any more," said a man to his wife when she told him she had found the Saviour. The remark needs no comment. It speaks volumes."

"Don't scold," was the laconic advice, given in fatherly tones, to a young bride by the venerable minister who had just said, "husband and wife together." And good advice, too! Could it be given at every marriage, and were it received to the heart of every wife, there would be vastly fewer bankrupts, drunkards, divorcees and suicides."

Patting the rosy cheek, the teacher thanked the child for his loving offering, and placed it among the green leaves and fruit on her desk, where,

other treatment can; it never mollifies, it always tends to madden; it goads the soul, makes desperate, and drives straight on to destruction.

It always harms. The scolder may fancy a little relief in giving another "a piece of mind;" but the relief costs dearly. Scolding has a dreadful after influence upon the scolder. How it puts fire into the eyes, draws savage lines in the features, and makes the voice inhuman!

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Patting the rosy cheek, the teacher thanked the child for his loving offering, and placed it among the green leaves and fruit on her desk, where,

with the flowers, they filled the room with their delightful fragrance.

How many there are in the school of the Great Master, who are prone to think slightly of the simple tasks of homely every-day life that are given them to perform. Little words of cheer; little smiles of hope; little pauses by the wayside to lift the "cup of cold water" to the lips of some fainting one; little self-denials and crosses all seem so insignificant that those other pupils, too, are often "ashamed" to offer them to the Master. They look out upon some grand work, or extended sphere of usefulness with eager eyes, and would fain do some mighty deed for the good of the world and the glory of God. And because this is not required of them, they sit idly down, with folded hands, and sadly sigh, "alas, there's nothing for us to do."

Can we think of the long suffering of God to us ward—of His "exceeding great and precious promise"—of the "eternal weight of glory," and waste the precious time and opportunities in weak regrets and idle longings? No, no! with hearts loving and cheerful, and eyes clear and watchful, let each one arise and "Whatsoever his hand findeth to do, do it with his might." And it may be; yes, I think it will be, that the dear Master shall accept our simple little offerings because "we love Him so;" and placing them beside the fairer, fuller ones, they shall all unite in one grateful, holy incense to Him "that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

THE DARK SIDE OF A "SILVER-LINED" CLOUD.

The winter of 1872 and 1873 will long be remembered by many as one of the saddest and most sorrowful in a lifetime. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday, the terror at nightfall, and the arrow that flieth by day"—all these, unlike the Psalmist, have we feared. How unmercifully the fires have raged, consuming in a brief hour the spoil of many years' ceaseless labor! How fearfully has that dreaded disease spread in our New England cities and villages these winter months, depriving many of a mother's nursing and care, and stealthily burying those who were once the pride and joy of the home circle!

Nor are fires or contagious diseases all that will make the winter memorable. But a little from where I now write, a husband and father in the early winter was unexpectedly called to a Southern port to fill a vacancy made by the death of his nephew, as captain of a ship. Reluctantly did he leave his home, where peace and plenty clasped hands. With unaccountable fears did he say those dreaded words, "good-bye." While in New Orleans he receives one of those suspicious telegrams (you and I, dear reader, have opened such messages), "illness at home; come quickly." With all possible rapidity he hastens his journey homeward, but how lengthened seem the days, how drear the nights. What fearful dreams haunt his sleeping hours; and as he wakes he almost feels the shadowy presence, and listens as if to hear the rushing pinions of death's messenger. After many delays, he returns to that home, now so changed. The crape on the door knob tells the sad story. The daughter greets him, but no word is spoken. Together they look upon the face and form of the wife and mother, who has lain there silent and lifeless almost a week. O, death! alike dost thou enter mansion and hut. A mother who has looked upon her only son as her dependence for comfort and happiness in her afternoon life, is forced to "pass under the rod," and part with her earthly all. Ah! poor, tired soul, receive the chastisement with no murmuring; for in a little time your boy's eternal home will be enriched with your presence, and then will be made plain what is now so mysterious.

O, ye hearts that are yet unseated by sorrow's sword; ye homes which still hold your jewels; O, ye heartstones, around which are no vacant seats, be glad! Let no word of discontent escape your lips! Forget not to offer sympathy to grief-stricken friends, for perchance the "arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness" may enter your household; and then the untouched toy, the unused song, the touch with its unpressed pillow, will teach you how bitter the draught from sorrow's cup—how sweet are words of sympathy.

ECCL.

SHEPSCOTT BRIDGE, March, 1873.

PIN-FEATHER COLLECTIONS.

We are indebted to Rev. Dr. Matlack, recently of New Orleans, for the following good story: In 1869 a series of missionary meetings was projected among the colored Methodist Episcopal Churches of that city. At one of these it was arranged that an eccentric veteran, named Scott Chinn, should make the last speech and take the collection. The brother who preceded him greatly tried the old man's patience by the length of his address—a thing never done by a white man. "He'll spile de meetin'," said Brother Chinn to the doctor who presided. "He's too long in de wind—too much blowin'." "Be patient, be patient," said the doctor. "O, I be patient enough," said he, "but de people's gettin' tired, and den dey won't gib de money," said the old philosopher. At length the long speech closed with an eloquent reference to the angel of the Apocalypse flying through the heavens, having the everlasting gospel to preach.

Scott Chinn was on his feet in a moment. "I be been afeared some ob dese brodders would talk too long, and dat angel gib clear out ob sight. Dat angel, brodder, is de missionary angel. He takes de everlasting gospel wid him where'er he goes—to eb'ry

nation, kindred, tongue, people!" "Mighty angel," shouted some in the congregation. "Mighty! mighty!" repeated others as the excitement rose. Inspired with his conception and the enthusiasm of his congregation, his patriotic form rose to its full height, and stretching out his hand toward the angel whom he seemed to see before him, he exclaimed, "O, don angel ob de mighty wing, tarry wid us a leetle while in dis missionary meeting. We's de people your Lord sent you to find. Fold your wings and rest awhile here. You've been flyin' so long, and you has many a long, weary tarry before you. Blessed angel, ain't you berry tired? Den rest, for dis is de Lord's day, and de Lord's house, and de Lord's people."

Turning to the congregation, now up to the white heat of excitement, he continued:—

The Farm and Garden.

SELECTED FOR ZION'S HERALD.

From the Iowa Homestead.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOMESTEAD:—Again the time of year is come when you must sweat, and toil, and toil, and break for the "men folks." The grand aim with you is, to get the greatest possible amount of labor from your tired bodies in the shortest space of time. How are you to do it? Systematize. Put brain work with hand work. Too many of our dear, earnest, but planless women are wearing out soul and body in aimless and uncertain movements.

Now a hint or two about your plans. The first call of the day is breakfast. Do you use salt pork for meat? Cut the rind from a large piece at once, and slice enough for three or four messes; then Kitty, the five-year-old girl, or Charles, the seven-year-old boy (mothers, teach your boys to help you) can put on the frying-pan, and put the meat to cook while you prepare the cold potatoes from yesterday's dinner to warm. You will boil a pot full of potatoes for dinner to-day, so as to have enough for supper (harvesters want something more than "tea") and for to-morrow's breakfast. Of course you have a good supply of nice bread stored away in a dry, cool place; because you knew beforehand that the harvesters were coming. Also some nice, plain gingerbread or cookies for a "top off," with the last cup of your choice coffee, of which you had an ample supply brewed, ground and stored up in a tight box, ready for this very emergency, or any other that might happen. With eggs fried or boiled, and good dried apple-sauce, you have a breakfast that a farmer king may enjoy heartily and healthfully, and work upon till dinner time without the aid of starchy whiskey. Wives, mothers, sisters, enter your protest, both verbally and practically, against the curse of "harvest drink." Give good, substantial, appetizing food in abundance, and the craving for stimulants will be lost. Prepare but two, or at most, three kinds of vegetables for dinner. Do not be extravagant in these things; it requires too much time to dress and properly arrange such a variety, and men prefer to fully enjoy one or two kinds at once. Always have some nice substantial dessert for dinner. It not only gives a tempting prospect for your men to anticipate, and a satisfying termination to your meal, but you will feel a gratifying sense of finish and completeness in your repast. I must stop right here, or they will "condense" me at the HOMESTEAD. One line more. Think, plan, systematize. Make your brains help your bodies. If these suggestions help any toiling sister of mine, just let her say more, and I will say my best. I am, dear friends, ever, knowing and feeling your burdens to-day.

SISTER DUTY.

INFANT MORTALITY.—Allowing that much has been done toward alleviating the suffering among the poor, and that our infant population by excursions, supplying medical aid, etc., yet it seems to me that some of the great causes of sickness and death among the little ones have not as yet been brought before the public. It is my desire, therefore, with your approval, to make a few remarks upon this subject, for the benefit of mothers. And first in regard to the management of infants under two years of age:

Experience among the lower classes for several years has proven to me that the grossest and most surprising ignorance exists on the part of parents as to this subject, and as a result we find the following causes undermining the health of five out of six poor infants during the heat of summer.

First. Excessively thick and tight clothing around the stomach and chest, but perfect exposure of the bowels and lower limbs. As a consequence of this, we have insufficient expansion of the lungs, and as a result the stomach, the former preventing the proper circulation of the blood, the latter impairing the capacity and necessary muscular action of the stomach.

Second. Condition of the infant's body, clothing and food. As a consequence, impaired cutaneous action from lack of cleanliness of the skin, impure air from filthiness of clothing, noxious food in the shape of sour milk, vegetables, fruits, cakes, etc.

Third. Over-feeding and too frequent feeding, either of the naturally or artificially fed infant, giving rise to indigestion and all its concomitant evils. That many infants die solely from the above causes is not necessary to prove; indeed, it is not saying more than the truth to state that over one half of the infant deaths are due to these causes only, all of which are simply and easily prevented. With your permission, therefore, I will embody, in a few concluding remarks, how to prevent these causes, and how to manage infants in summer:

1. Loose, light, clean clothing, covering the entire body. To be changed each day, if possible. No bandage whatever.

2. Bathe the infant morning and evening in simple tepid water, and dry thoroughly. Use no spirits or washes of any kind.

3. Keep rooms and all bedding clean and well aired.

4. Feed a nursing infant on bread and milk only, and not often than every two or three hours; occasionally a teaspoonful of cool (not iced) water, but let no other material whatever pass its lips.

5. Feed the bottle-fed infant as follows: Boiled fresh cow's milk, diluted one third with sweetened barley water. Milk and a little lime water. Water occasionally to drink, but not another article of food. Especially avoid farina, corn-starch, arrow-root, etc. Give the bottle as often as in rule 4.

6. When the child vomits after taking food, do not give it any more for a couple of hours. The fact of its vomiting shows its stomach for some cause does not tolerate the food; so give it rest, and thus the stomach will recover, and at the end of a couple of hours will receive and digest the food.

simple directions, the truths of which were obtained by me from experience; and I am confident, if read and followed faithfully by mothers, will save many a little one much suffering and an untimely grave.—*New York Times.*

The Iowa Homestead has introduced Farmers' Music as a special department in its columns. Original music will appear regularly, and will be devoted to the interests of the farmer and his family. This is entirely an original idea with The Homestead, no publication of any kind ever having made farmers' music a specialty.

Sabbath cheese-making was the subject of a paper read by Mr. J. K. Pierce before the Herkimer Theological Association on the 3d of June. Mr. Pierce assumed that it is irreligious to make cheese on Sunday, and then proceeded to prove from his own experience that it is unnecessary. For four years he has been successful in not making cheese on Sunday, and has suffered neither from waste nor loss in price. How does he do it? Why, in the first place, he makes no cheese on Saturday mornings, but on Saturday nights instead, then making what is called three meal cheese. He finishes up the work by 10-12 o'clock. On Sunday he strains the milk in a tin vat; has water running under and around it, and on Sunday night he sets it in pans. He has a prodigious churning every Monday morning; and this is the way in which Mr. Pierce does not make cheese on Sunday.

THE NEW FIRE EXTINGUISHER

INVENTED BY HON. E. S. TOBEY.

Well may the Boston Press congratulate our city on Mr. Tobey's plan for preventing fires, and other cities echo the good news. A broad tank (the bottom of which is the roof itself) ten feet in width, and forty or fifty feet in length, and three to five inches deep, is filled from a Cochituate pipe. And as the tank overflows, the water pours down the slated roof all over the house, and forms the cheapest and most inexpensive reservoir imaginable—only narrow strips of plank pressing upon the slating to hold the water, the roof itself making the basis of the whole thing. The water pours over the whole length of the reservoir on both sides.

We could not avoid reflecting for the moment, on that fearful hour when we saw the steeple of Beach Street church all ablaze at the very top, and the cinders and fire-drops flying with the wind, lighting on most of the houses near, and some afar off. The contrast was indeed pleasant, for at the time we were guarding the roof of a dwelling near, and witnessing the exciting scene. We thought what a joy it would have been had we then seen those tender boxes of buildings sheeted with water, and pouring like the mildew of a wide river, defying every danger. Nor can we help advertising with deep regret for the past, to the terrible night of the 9th of November, 1872, when roof after roof was carrying along the fire in defiance of the spray from the hose-pipe—so unlike the protection we are trying so imperfectly to describe.

L. D. GROSVENOR.

INDIAN SHAWLS.

The material of which the shawls are made is wool called *tona*, procured from a goat of a particular species, frequenting the valley of Cashmere and the neighboring mountains of Tibet, where they freely roam. The fur of this goat is of two sorts; the *tona*, which is a soft, wooly undercoat of grayish hair, and an outer coat of long, silken hairs, which protect the *tona* from the effect of winter. To make a shawl a yard and a half square, requires the *tona* of ten goats.

The Hindoos have no large factories. The shawls are made by peasants, who divide their time between the field and the work-shop. There is nothing simpler than the mode of the manufacturer of these magnificent productions. He rears a flock of sheep on a plain four or five miles from the city, and sticks into it, fastens them with cross-bands, constructs walls of wicker-work, and forms the roof with the leaves of palm trees; he then installs himself in his hut, with his family and tools, the latter of which are few and of the simplest description. The Hindoo knows nothing of the mechanical contrivances to aid him in his work. He first winds his thread on a distaff, erects an oblong frame, and then commences his work with a large wooden needle, very much in the same manner as the workmen in the famous French manufacture of Gobelin, so well known to all continental travelers. His manner of working, as may be imagined, is extremely slow; but it is owing to this that the Indian shawls are so much superior to those manufactured in Europe, where machinery is employed instead of the hand.

The Hindoo weaver requires eighteen months to make a long shawl. The different parts of it are afterward sewn together with great skill. When busily engaged, the artisan can earn at the utmost four annas, or eight cents of our money, per day; but there are but few workmen who can make so much. Under the burning Indian sun, these men, who never eat animal food, are patient enough, but also extremely lazy.

The Secular World.

"Camping out" is as popular this season as last.

J. F. Nichols, of Lewiston, Me., attended to dig a well recently in sandy soil, in Auburn, without curbing, and at a depth of 16 feet the sand caved in, burying him. Workmen were digging at last accounts, but there was little chance of saving his life.

The mail service from Hancock to South Hancock, Me., is to be increased three additional weekly trips from August 1. On the route between North Falmouth and Warner, Me., Falmouth and Hatchville will be omitted after August 1.

Some time ago the Hon. Benjamin F. Bates, of Boston, offered to give \$100,000 to Bates College at Lewiston, Me., providing another \$100,000 could be raised. That amount has been secured, and Mr. Bates' offer will be made available.

The bishop of Exeter publicly stated, recently, that he considered the whole tendency of legislation was toward secularism, and it was possible the day might come when the government

would compel them to adhere strictly to the teaching in their day schools of reading, writing and arithmetic, without imparting any religious instruction at all.

The statement that the sect of Shakers is dying out is contradicted by the *Troy Times*. It says that the family of Shakers, situated six miles west of Troy, is to-day gaining in wealth and discipline, and holding its own in numbers. Their lands, which were bought almost for nothing, have constantly increased in value, and now they are as valuable for farming purposes as any in that neighborhood.

A Boston capitalist, taxed for half a million, remarked yesterday, that the perusal of the late John H. Eastburn's will had led him to make up his mind, and as he had no wife, children, or near relations, he had devised the bulk of his property to charitable institutions, adding: "I have selected the names of two hundred needy and deserving men and women, to whom I have given \$100 apiece, amounting to \$20,000, to gladden their old days after I have passed away; and possibly I may not let them wait for that event."

Obituaries.

ELIZABETH D. BOYD died in Providence, R. I., July 2, 1878, aged 49 years. She was a daughter of Brother Samuel Boyd, one of the oldest local preachers in this State, whose home was for a long time the stopping-place of the early itinerants.

Sister Boyd was converted more than thirty years ago, and lived a quiet, useful Christian life. Although she never joined the church, she was found as often as possible in the sanctuary. She especially enjoyed the social meetings, and was full of confidence of her own experience and hope. For a long time she anticipated that she might be called suddenly away. She gave her friends numerous charges with regard to what should be done in case of her death. Of these matters she always spoke with perfect calmness, and she was fully prepared to go. When at last the summons came, it was as she expected. While making ready for the family the evening meal, she fell and instantly expired. Upon her devoted body, in the infancy of her mother, the care of the house, and in this capacity, as well as of her daughter, sister and aunt, which last relation was in her case almost that of mother, she will be sorely missed. Amid the public rejoicings of the chief national holiday, a sad company followed her remains to the burial, in strange contrast with the general character of the day. Yet their sorrow was tempered by the certain expectation of a future reunion.

G. L. WESTGATE.

MISS ANN M. W. SNOW was born in North Bridgewater, Mass., Feb. 27th, 1856.

Of Christian parentage, and early drawn toward God, her childhood was full of religious impulses. At Yarmouth Camp-meeting in 1866, she first publicly confessed her need of redeeming grace, and while kneeling in prayer by her mother's side, said, "Oh, Father, I feel that Jesus is washing all my sins away." She was baptized and received into the church by Rev. Freeman Ryder.

She was a girl of unusual intelligence, and was a great favorite of her friends. Her education was in the common schools, and she was a member of the church since her own district. Her religious life was characterized by her religious life; and while she covered no defects, she confessed the wrongs of her heart, and she often wept bitterly over her defects, but persisted in the conflict. She remained true to God, and died after a brief sickness with cerebral spinal meningitis, June 10th, 1878, in perfect peace. During her last days she was full of tender sympathies, grateful recognition for every good, and a loving heart toward her Saviour. The friends, though greatly bereaved, are graciously comforted by her peaceful death.

S. M. B.

Died at his home in Webster, N. H., July 17, 1878, of consumption, W. M. D. CALL, Esq., in the 56th year of his age.

As a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother in Connecticut, we may mention among his Christian excellencies, his unvarying faithfulness to his duties, his bright hope, and his sincere love. In his relations to the M. E. Church, as trustee and steward, he was a faithful and true friend, and representative two years, and to his family he was ever faithful and true—a noble specimen of "the highest style of man."

He died as he lived, trusting in God. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Fisherville, N. H., Aug. 6, 1878.

MR. RUTH ANDREWS, mother of Leonard and James Andrews, died at the residence of her son, Hon. Leonard Andrews, in Biddeford, Me., July 5, 1878, aged 93 years, in the 56th year of her age.

It was thought that at the time of her death she was the oldest Baptist Church member in the State. She was converted some years prior to her death, and followed Christ 77 years. No aged pilgrim has ever been blessed with a better home, or more thoughtful and loving ministrations, and none, we think, have had a stronger assurance of a better home on high.

A very large concourse of relatives and friends followed her to her last resting place, and a woman of a strong mind, large heart, and blameless Christian life. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." A. S. LADD.

MR. POLLY THAYER, of Pembroke, Mass., left this world, with a glorious assurance of an eternal home in heaven, April 25th, 1878. She died of cancer and paralysis. She had seen 75 winters. In early life she gave her heart to God, and never took it back. She was a consistent worshiper of the M. E. Church in Mansfield more than thirty years; she moved to Pembroke, into the family of her son-in-law, Brother Mason, where, though helped by her heavenly Father, she suffered at times excruciating pain. Never was she known to murmur or complain of her sufferings and privations. She was a kind mother, a faithful wife, a true friend and consistent Christian. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." W. F. FARRINGTON.

Sister SUSAN ADAMS, of Biddeford, Me., died in great peace July 12, 1878, aged 64 years.

For forty-five years a member of the M. E. Church, she lived a consistent Christian life, of even, cheerful and sunny piety, and ardently attached to the Church of her choice, and its ordinances. As a wife, mother, and friend, her example was a bright one. Her last sickness was protracted and terribly painful, but she was perfectly submissive, peaceful and tranquil. She leaves a husband and four children mourning her loss, but sharing the rich legacy of her good name. The ways number at her funeral testified to the esteem and love in which she was held. A. S. LADD.

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From two to ninety bottles will cure Scaly Eruptions of the Skin, and all the eruptions of the skin.

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From two to one hundred bottles will cure Scaly Eruptions of the Skin, and all the eruptions of the skin.

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